LITERARY EXAMINER.

Pictures of Memory.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Among the beautiful pictures,
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Nor for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest,
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of "long ago:"
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the Autumn eves
I made for my little brother,
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
That one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Extracts from Pepys' Diary.

As we propose making yet more extracts from this Diary, "the best book of its kind in the English language," it will not be amiss to tell our readers that Samuel Pepys was Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II.—that his Diary comprises the period from 1659 to 1669, and is full of minute, characteristic details of men and manners, which History rejects as below her dignity, but which are indispensable to the life and reality of her delineations;—that he was an easy-tempered, kind-hearted man, combining extraordinary diligence and regularity in his official duties and domestic economy, with an insatiable love of gossip, amusement, and all manner of miscellaneous information;—with a devoted and almost ludicrous admiration of his wife, and a wonderful devotion to the fair sex in general, and pretty actresses and singers in particular; and above all, great practical sagacity and cunning in State affairs, with an almost incredible amount of credulity, puerility and folly. We give our extracts as amusingly descriptive of a social system which has existed, but, fortunately, can never exist again.

His dinners "out" and "at home," and his numerous merry-makings are not without their characteristic touches and occasional head-aches next day.

"6 January 1659–60. At my office, where we paid money to the soldiers till 1 o'clock; and I took my wife to my cosen, Thomas Pepys, and found them just sat down to dinner, which was very good; only the venison was palpable mutton, which was not handsome.

"27 January 1660–1. Home, and at dinner was very angry at my people's eating a very fine pudding (made me by Slater, the cooke, last Thursday) without my wife's leave.

"2 Feb. 1660–1. Home, where all things were in a hurry for dinner—a strange cooke being come in the room of Slater, who would not come. Three dinners within a fortnight.

"10 March 1661. Dined at home upon a poor Lenten dinner of colworts and bacon.

"26 March 1661–2. I had a pretty dinner for them; viz: a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens and a jowle of salmon hot for the first course; a tanzy, and two neats' tongues and cheese the second. We had a man-cooke to dress dinner to-day and sent for Jane to help us.

"26 Feb. 1660. Shrove Tuesday. To Mrs. Turner's, where several friends, all strangers to me but Mrs. Armiger, dined.—Very merry, and the best fritters that ever I eat in my life. After that, looked out at window: saw the flinging at cocks.

"27 March 1661. To the Dolphin to a dinner of Mr. Harris's, where Sir Williams both and my Lady Batten and her two daughters, and other company, where a great deal of mirth, and there staid till eleven o'clock at night; and in our mirth I sang and sometimes fiddled (there being a noise of fiddlers there), and at last we fell to dancing, the first time that ever I did in my life, which I did wonder to see myself do. At last we made Mingo, Sir W. Batten's black, and Jack, Sir W. Pen's, dance, and it was strange how the first did dance, with a great deal of seeming skill.

"3 April 1661. Up among my workmen, my head akeing all day from last night's debauch. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who would have me drink two great draughts of sack to-day to cure me of my last night's disease, which I thought strange, but I think that I find it true.

"4 June 1661. Sir W. Pen and I went out with Sir R. Slingsby to bowles in his alley, and there had good sport. I took my flageolette and played upon the leads in the garden, where Sir W. Pen came out in his shirt into his leads, and there we staid talking and singing and drinking great draughts of claret, and eating bortago and bread and butter till twelve at night, it being moonshine; and so to-bed very nearly fuddled.

"6th. My head hath aked all night, and all this morning with my last night's debauch.

"29 Sept. 1661. (Lord's Day). What at dinner and supper I drink, I know not how, of my own accord, so much to me that I was even almost foxed, and my head aked all night; so home and to bed without prayers, which I never did yet, since I come to the house of a Sunday night: I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was.

"4 October 1661. I found my wife vexed at her people for grumbling to eate Suffolk cheese, which I also am vexed at.

"8 Nov. 1661. At night my wife and I had a good supper by ourselves, of pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that.

"3 Feb. 1651–2. I dined with Sir W. Batten, with many friends more, it being his wedding-day, and among other froliques, it being their third year, they had three pyes, whereof the middlemost was made of an ovall form in an ovall hole within the other two, which made much mirth, and was called the middle piece; and above all the rest, we had great striving to steal a spoonful out of it; and I remember Mrs. Mills, the minister's wife, did steal one for me, and did give it me; and to end all, Mrs. Shippman did fill the pie full of white wine (it holding at least a pint and a half,) and did drink it off for a health to Sir. William and my lady—it being the greatest draught that ever I did see a woman drink in my life."

On one of his official visits to Chatham he made the acquaintance of Miss Rebecca Allen, and forgot all about that "poor wretch" his wife, whom he really loved.

"9 April, 1661. There was Mr. Hempson and his wife, a pretty woman, and Latin; Mr. Allen and two daughters of his, both very tall, and the youngest very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. The sale being done, the ladies and I, and Captain Pitt and Mr. Castle, took barge, and down we went to see the *Sovereign*, which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way; and among other pleasures, I put my Lady [Batten], Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempson, and the two Misses Allens, into the lanthorn, and I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principall officer, with all which we were exceeding merry, and drunk some bottles of wine, and neat's tongue, &c. We had a fine collacion, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the musique and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had I was forced to dance too, and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best humored woman that ever I saw. About nine o'clock Sir William and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing an houre or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, I know not why, in that and other things, to be desirous of my favors, and would in all things shew me respects. Going home she would needs have me sing, and I did pretty well, and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's, and there having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, I did what with talking and singing (her father and I) Mrs. Turner and I staid there till two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often.

"11th April. At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till seven, and then called up by Sir W. Batten; so I rose and did some business, and then come Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew, and sang a song or two, and among others took great pleasure in 'Goe and be hanged, that's twice good bye.' The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we sett forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me."

A subsequent entry about Mrs. Rebecca completes the picture:

"17 April 1661. Comes Mr. Allen of Chatham, and I took him to the Mitre and there did drink with him. His daughters are to come down to-morrow, but I know not whether I shall see them."

He did see them not long after; but the fancy wore off, and his after allusions to Mrs. Rebecca are unimpassioned enough.

A Character.

Uncle was this evening particularly mild and agreeable, and went into his 'peaceful reminiscences,' and in them he always introduces ladies, and I think it is more amusing to hear of them than his warlike experiences. This evening the subject of his conversation was our aunt at Skane, that little extraordinary gentlewoman whom uncle declares that I resemble both in eyes and spirit. She learned in her youth to be a wicked young lady, probably like the undersigned, and knew nothing more amusing than to have some tricks in hand which set people a staring, or laughing, or else frightened them sadly. She had the most magnificent long light hair that anybody can imagine; and no little renown did this beautiful hair get among the relations, and no little was said about it—how, when she was a bride, this hair would become her, plaited like a crown upon her head. But when, on the morning of her wedding, they came to dress this beautiful hair—because she was to be married in the forenoon at church—and when they took off her nightcap—behold, there fell the beautiful golden plaits of hair to the ground with the cap; and there the bride sate with her head round as a turnip, and with her hair cut short, and she was ready to die with laughter to see the consternation of those who saw it, and how they could hardly refrain from screaming in horror. The bridegroom, however, laughed with the bride at the joke, and they two were a happy couple, although she continued many of her peculiarities which were not altogether womanly. Thus, she always wore men's clothes, and was fond of manly occupations, such as hunting, riding, turning on a lathe, and even occasionally smoking a pipe. But with all this, the odd little lady was so truly gentle, and kind, and cheerful, that she made everybody happy around her, so that everybody cordially liked her and became attached to her. Uncle Herkules went to live with her when he was twelve years old, after the death of his parents, and was brought up on her estate, together with her six sons. These young gentlemen lived together in a large parlor, called the 'lion's den,' and there was merriment and noise enough; still, from their very earliest youth they all assembled to family prayers morning and evening. The little countess was the very best of mothers to these lads, alike prudent and kind, and nothing pleased her better than to get up a hunting party or some sort of amusement which would entertain them. They were, at the same time, happy and merry young men, and never thought of anything which was wicked or unjust. As a widow she lived splendidly on her large, magnificent estate, often drove out; when she used black horses in her carriage, she was attended by a black dog, and when white horses by a white dog. After she had cut off her hair on her wedding-day, she always wore a curled and finely-powdered gentleman's wig. She commonly wore a white cravat, white waistcoat, and a coat with rounded laps, which hung over the petticoats. A fine and delicately white frilled shirt, wristbands, and boots, completed the costume, to which belonged a little man's hat, with a broad brim, which sat rather on one side of her head. The little, little old woman in this dress, with her upright carriage, her elevated head, her nose as if snuffing the wind,—like the undersigned,—and her handsome countenance, looked really beautiful, and commanded the respect of all. She was looked up to and beloved by her children and her dependents, and was always called by the latter 'Sir Countess.' She loved hunting and fishing even to her old age, and when she was seventy years old shot a roebuck in her own park.—Among her household she was always cheerful and kind, and amused herself greatly by giving them riddles to guess, in particular to one of her women, who always forgot the solution of the riddle. 'Who gave the first kiss in Rome?' was one of her most frequently-repeated riddles, and the answer that she returned always was, 'Oh! how should I know?—it was perhaps the Pope!' And with that the little Countess would laugh immoderately.—*Frederika Bremer.*

A Turkish Bath.

The last good description of a Turkish bath, I think, was Lady Mary Wortley Montague's, which voluptuous picture must have been painted at least a hundred and thirty years ago; so that another sketch may be attempted by an humbler artist in a different manner. The Turkish bath is certainly a novel sensation to an Englishman, and may be set down as the most queer and surprising event of his life. I made the valet de place or dragoman (it is rather a fine thing to have a dragoman in one's service) conduct me forthwith to the best appointed hummums in the neighborhood; and we walked to a house at Tophana, and into a spacious hall lighted from above, which is the cooling room of the bath.

The spacious hall has a large fountain in the midst, a painted gallery running round it; and many ropes stretched from one gallery to another, ornamented with profuse draperies of towels and blue cloths, for the use of the frequenters of the place. All round the room and the galleries were matted enclosures, fitted with numerous neat beds and cushions for reposing on, where lay a dozen of true believers smoking, or sleeping, or in the happy half-dozing state. I was led up to one of these beds to rather a retired corner, in consideration of my modesty; and to the next bed presently came a dancing dervish, who forthwith began to prepare for the bath.

When the dancing dervish had taken off his yellow sugar-loaf cap, his gown, shawl, &c., he was arrayed in two large blue cloths; a white one being thrown over his shoulders, and another in the shape of a turban plaited neatly round his head; the garments of which he divested himself were folded up in another linen, and neatly put by. I beg leave to state I was treated in precisely the same manner as the dancing dervish.

The reverend gentleman then put on a pair of wooden pattens, which elevated him about six inches from the ground—and walked down the stairs, and paddled across the moist marble floor of the hall, and in at a little door, by the which also Titmarsh entered. But I had none of the professional agility of the dancing dervish; I staggered about very ludicrously upon the high wooden pattens; and should have been down on my nose several times, had not the dragoman and the master of the bath supported me down the stairs and across the hall. Dressed in three large cotton napkins, with a white turban round my head, I thought of Pall Mall with a sort of despair. I passed the little door, it was closed behind me—I was in the dark—I couldn't speak the language—in a white turban; Mon Dieu! what was going to happen?

The dark room was the tepidarium, a moist oozing arched den, with a light faintly streaming from an orifice in the domed ceiling. Yells of frantic laughter and song came booming and clanging through the echoing arches, the doors clapped to with loud reverberations. It was the laughter of the followers of Mahound, frollicking and taking their pleasure in the public bath. I could not go into that place; I swore I would not; they promised me a private room, and the dragoman left me. My agony at parting from that Christian cannot be described.

When you get into the Sudarium, or hot room, your first sensations only occur about half a minute after entrance, when you feel that you are choking. I found myself in that state, seated on a marble slab; the bath man was gone; he had taken away the cotton turban and shoulder shawl: I saw I was in a narrow room of marble, with a vaulted roof, and a fountain of warm and cold water; the atmosphere was in a steam, the choking sensation went off, and I felt a sort of pleasure presently in a soft boiling simmer, which, no doubt, potatoes feel when they are steaming. You are left in this state for about ten minutes; it is warm, certainly, but odd and pleasant, and disposes the mind to reverie.

But let any delicate mind in Baker street fancy my horror, when, on looking up out of this reverie, I saw a great brown wretch extended before me, only half-dressed, standing on pattens, and exaggerated by them and the steam until he looked like an ogre, grinning in the most horrible way, and waving his arm, on which was a horse-hair glove. He spoke in his unknown nasal jargon, words which echoed through the arched room; his eye seemed astonishingly large and bright, his ears stuck out, and his head was all shaved, except a bristling top-knot, which gave it a demoniac fierceness.

This description, I feel, is growing too frightful: ladies who read it will be going into hysterics, or saying, "Well, upon my word, this is the most singular, the most extraordinary kind of language. Jane, my love, you will not read that odious book"—and so I will be brief. This grinning man belabors the patient most violently with the horse-brush. When he has completed the horse-hair part, and you lie expiring under a squirting fountain of warm water, and fancying all is done, he reappears with a large brass basin, containing a quantity of lather, in the midst of which is something like old Miss MacWhirter's flaxen wig that she is so proud of, and that we have all laughed at. Just as you are going to remonstrate, the thing like the wig is dashed into your face and eyes, covered over with soap, and for five minutes you are drowned in lather; you can't see, the suds are frothing over your eyeballs; you can't hear, the soap is whizzing into your ears; you can't gasp for breath, Miss Mac Whirter's wig is down your throat with half a pail full of suds in an instant—you are all soap.—Wicked children in former days have jeered you, exclaiming, "How are you off for soap?" You little knew what saponacity was till you entered a Turkish bath.

When the whole operation is concluded, you are led—with what heartfelt joy I need not say—softly back to the cooling-room, having been robed in shawls and turbans as before. You are laid gently on the reposing bed; somebody brings a narghile, which tastes as tobacco must taste in Mahomet's Paradise; a cool sweet dreamy langour takes possession of the purified frame; and half an hour of such delicious laziness is spent over the pipe as is unknown in Europe, where vulgar prejudice has most shamefully maligned indolence, calls it foul names, such as the father of all evil, and the like; in fact, does not know how to educate idleness as these honest Turks do, and the fruit which, when properly cultivated, it bears.

The after-bath state is the most delightful condition of laziness I ever knew, and I tried it wherever we went afterwards on our little tour. At Smyrna the whole business was much inferior to the method employed in the capital. At Cairo, after the soap, you are plunged into a sort of stone coffin, full of water, which is all but boiling.—This has its charms; but I could not relish the Egyptian shampooing. A hideous old blind man (but very dexterous in his art) tried to break my back and dislocate my shoulders, but I could not see the pleasure of the practice; and another fellow began tickling the soles of my feet, but I rewarded him with a kick that sent him off the bench. The pure idleness is the best, but I shall never enjoy such in Europe again. [*Journey to Cairo.*

Rhodes.

The chivalrous relics at Rhodes are very superb. I know of no buildings, whose stately and picturesque aspect seems to correspond better with one's notions of their proud founders. The towers and gates are warlike and strong, but beautiful and aristocratic: you see that they must have been high-bred gentlemen who built them. The edifices appear in almost as perfect a condition as when they were in the occupation of the noble knights of St. John; and they have this advantage over modern fortifications, that they are a thousand times more picturesque. Ancient war condescended to ornament itself, and built fine carved castles and vaulted gates: whereas, to judge from Gibraltar and Malta, nothing can be less romantic than the modern military architecture; which sternly regards the fighting, without in the least heeding the war-paint. Some of the huge artillery, with which the place was defended, still lies in the bastions; and the touch-holes of the guns are preserved by being covered with rusty old corslets, worn by defenders of the fort three hundred years ago. The Turks, who battered down chivalry, seem to be waiting their turn of destruction now. In walking through Rhodes one is strangely affected by witnessing the signs of this double decay. For instance, in the streets of the knights, you see noble houses, surmounted by noble escutcheons of superb knights, who lived there, and prayed, and quarrelled, and murdered the Turks; and were the most gallant pirates of the inland seas; and made vows of chastity, and robbed and ravished; and, professing humility, would admit none but nobility into their order; and died recommending themselves to sweet St. John, and calmly hoping for heaven in consideration of all the heathen they had slain. When this superb fraternity was obliged to yield to courage as great as theirs, faith as sincere, and to robbers even more dexterous and audacious than the noblest knight who ever sang a canticle to the virgin, these halls were filled by magnificent Pashas and Agas, who lived here in the intervals of war, and, having conquered its best champions—despised Christendom and chivalry pretty much as an Englishman despises a Frenchman.—Now the famous house is let to a shabby merchant, who has his little beggarly shop in the bazaar; to a small officer, who ekes out his wretched pension by swindling, and who gets his pay in bad coin. Mahometanism pays in pewter now, in place of silver and gold. The lords of the world have run to seed. The powerless old sword frightens nobody now—the steel is turned to pewter too, somehow, and will no longer shear a Christian head off any shoulders. In the Crusades my wicked sympathies have always been with the Turks. They seem to me the best Christians of the two; more humane, less brutally presumptuous about their own merits, and more generous in esteeming their neighbors. As far as I can get at the authentic story, Saladin is a pearl of refinement compared to the brutal beef-eating Richard—about whom Sir Walter Scott has led all the world astray.—When shall we have a real account of those times and heroes—no good-humored pageant, like those of the Scott romances—but a real authentic story to instruct and frighten honest people of the present day, and make them thankful that the grocer governs the world now in place of the baron?—Meanwhile a man of tender feelings may be pardoned for twaddling a little over this sad spectacle of the decay of two of the great institutions of the world. Knighthood is gone—amen; it expired with dignity, its face to the foe: and old Mahometanism is lingering about, just ready to drop. But it is unseemly to see such a Grand Potentate in such a state of decay; the son of Bajazet Ilderim insolvent; the descendants of the Prophets bullied by Calmucs and English and whippersnapper Frenchmen; the Fountain of Magnificence done up, and obliged to coin pewter! Think of the poor dear houris in Paradise, how sad they must look as the arrivals of the Faithful become less and less frequent every day. I can fancy the place beginning to wear the fatal Vauxhall look of the seraglio, and which has pursued me ever since I saw it; the fountains of eternal wine are beginning to run rather dry, and of a questionable liquor—the ready-roasted meat trees may cry, "come, eat me," every now and then, in a faint voice, without any gravy in it—but the Faithful begin to doubt about the quality of the victuals. Of nights you may see the houris sitting sadly under them, darning their faded muslins: Ali, Omar, and the Imaums are reconciled and have gloomy consultations: and the Chief of the Faithful himself, the awful camel-driver, the supernatural husband of Kadisheh, sits alone in a tumble-down kiosk, thinking moodily of the destiny that is impending over him; and of the day when his gardens of bliss shall be as vacant as the bankrupt Olympus.—*Journey to Cairo.*

Thoughts of Heaven.

No sickness there—
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air—
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless visions of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief—
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song;
Its billows break away, and melt in foam,
Far from the mansion of the spirit throng!

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender flowret fades and dies!

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
Nor morn is needed there! The light which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came!

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace, creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul!
Look up thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart,
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

Rev. Sydney Smith, in speaking of the prosy nature of most sermons, said, "They are written as if sin were to be taken out of a man like Eve out of Adam, by putting him to sleep."

The Model Tailor.

He is the most confiding of human beings. He is generous—charitable to a fault—for the destitute have only to go to him and ask for the clothes, and they get exactly what they want. He gives them the best of everything—velvets, silks, the finest kerseymeres—nothing is too good for them. He even feels a virtuous pleasure in the act—and is quite angry if the person whom he has clothed does not return to him afterwards, and be measured for a new suit. Far from repulsing you, he makes you welcome, and really feels grateful that you have not forgotten him! He presses you in the most tempting manner to have something new. He has a lovely pattern for a waistcoat—a real Cashmere—it is just the thing for you. Will you allow him to send you home one? He is miserable if you refuse, so take the waistcoat by all means, and make the poor fellow happy. He has also, some beautiful stuff for trowsers—just arrived from Paris—it would become you admirably—will you let him make you a pair? Don't say No, or else his generous heart will sink, and with it his high opinion of you. His philanthropy, in fact, is unbounded; he does good merely for the sake of good. All men are his brothers, with this exception, that he gives them all they ask, even lends them all they ask, even lends them money if they want it, and never expects the smallest return. He is the Gentleman's Best Friend.

The Model Tailor, sometimes, it must be confessed, sends in his bill, though payment, generally speaking, never enters into his thoughts. But then he is ashamed of the liberty, and apologises most profusely for it. He is fully sensible that he is doing wrong, and blushes in his soul for the shabbiness he is guilty of. It is only that he is terribly distressed for money, or else he would not think of "troubling" you. He is greatly subject to that heaviest of all social calamities—a "little bill." He asks you, as the greatest favor, to let him have a "trifle upon that account," and leaves you happier than poets can express, if you promise to let him have something in a day or two. Should it be inconvenient, however, he never presses the point, and will look in some other time. Should you express astonishment at his demand—you cannot have had his bill more than two years; he excuses himself in the most penitential manner, and begs your pardon for having mentioned the subject. The next day he calls to inquire if you want anything in his way; the generous creature forgives as quickly as he forgets. His anger is only roused when you leave him to go to another tailor. He is very jealous of any one else doing a kind action, and would like to enjoy the monopoly of all the Schneider virtues. In his anger he has been known to send a lawyer's letter; but if you go to him, and tell him what you think of his conduct and order a new wrap-rascal, he will settle the matter himself, and assure you that the thing is purely a mistake, and that no one can possibly be more sorry for it than he is.

The Model Tailor takes a pride in seeing his clothes on the back of a perfect gentleman. He knows no higher gratification than when he is "cutting out" a nobleman. His greatest enjoyment is going to the Oppera, and recognising, from a distance, the Earls, and Marquises, and dashing young Barts, and Knts., all walking about in the "charming" coats he has made for them. He throws his entire soul into his business, and places it high among the Fine Arts, Sculpture excepted, which he excludes altogether, as he cannot imagine how persons can see any beauty in Apollo and Venus, dressed as they are, or how a toga can be considered a suit of clothes any more than a table-cloth.

The Model Tailor has exquisite taste, and unlimited faith. He praises the figure of every one of his customers, and never doubts any one till after four years' credit. He strives his utmost to conceal the eccentricities of a pair of parenthetical legs, and spares no cloth for fattening every miserable lean calf that comes under his paternal shears. He disowns fox's heads and four-in-hands, and such vagaries upon saucer buttons, and does not encourage the style of dress invented by the "stable mind." He warrants to fit anything, and boasts, though not much given to joking, of having made a dress-coat for a cork-screw. He does not recommend things to wash, that are sure to leave their complexion behind them in the first wash-tub, nor make a practice of registering his straps, his belts, button-holes, and every little article of costume. He estimates men, not by their measures but his own, and in his tailors' eyes he is the best man who turns out the best after he has been well-dressed by him once or twice. He despairs of Lord Brougham ever being a great man, but has great hopes of Prince Albert.

The Model Tailor rarely makes a fortune, unless he has been very unfortunate through life. An insolvency puts him straight; a first bankruptcy leaves him a handsome surplus, and a second one enables him to retire. The sad truth is, that the simple child of Eve knows he owes all his business to the fact of her biting the apple, and he has not the heart to distress any son of Adam for the clothes he wears. Perhaps he feels that it would be like pocketing the wages of sin. His assignees, therefore, are obliged to collect his debts for him, and accordingly the oftener he fails, the richer he becomes. He buys, in his old age, a large estate with a small title upon it, somewhere in Germany, and leaves his "goose" to be cooked by somebody else, universally regretted by all those customers who have known him since the date of his last fiat. He dies a contented Baron. Of all tradesmen, there is not one so estimable, so incredulous, so generous, so beloved, when you meet with one, as the Model Tailor.—*Punch.*

Chevalier Bayard's Horse Le Carman.

The good knight rode him at the battle of Ravenna and left him there for dead with two pike wounds in his flanks and more than twenty sword cuts on his head; but the next day he was found quietly grazing, and began to neigh, upon which he was taken to the good knight's quarters, and his wounds tended. It appears incredible, but is nevertheless a fact, that he would allow them to lay him down to dress his wounds without stirring, like a human being; and whenever he afterwards saw a sword, he would rush at it and seize it with his teeth. A higher couraged horse was never seen; he was another Alexander's Bucephalus.—*Life of Chevalier Bayard.*

Sentiments of elevation are not in themselves turgid and unnatural. Nature is never more truly herself than in her grander forms. The Apollo Belvidere is as much in nature as any figure from the pencil of Rembrandt, or any clown in the rustic revels of Teniers.—*Burke.*

Two noble souls discover their relationship first by the like love that they bear to a third.—*Richter.*

Earning an Honest Penny.

There is no saying more true than the old one, that "one half the world knows not how the other half lives." We are always inquiring, in looking over our crowded city, "how do all these persons make out to live;" and yet they do live, and among the emigrants, they do live better and more comfortably than in their own country. We strolled down to the auction mart at the foot of Wall street, and among the shipping on South street, to see the number of Swiss, German and other emigrants, men, women and children, endeavoring to pick up a penny in an honest way, and we watched their movements and operations, with the view of studying characters, and seeing how far ingenious devices could add to their daily gains. A large lot of coffee in bags, were piled up in front of the auction store, while the auctioneer was busily engaged selling groceries to a large company. Crowds of girls of all ages with baskets, were busily engaged in picking up stray coffee beans; picking sugar from between the staves of the hogsheads, or with a tin can and an iron spoon, collecting the supernumerary molasses frothing up from the bung-hole. One particular feat, struck us as exceedingly and ingeniously roguish. A large woman with a basket on her arm, dressed in wide linsey woolsey garments, mounted on a pile of bags filled with coffee, and was taking an observation all round of the crowds of purchasers, with the most studied indifference. A little child not more than five years old, with a bag and basket, crawled beneath her petticoats, and remained snugly ensconced from public view. On the heel of her heavy shoe, she had embedded the blade of a penknife, and ever and anon she would plunge her rowel into the coffee bags, and as the beans oozed out of the slits, the little girl under her petticoats filled her bag and basket, and when full she slid out of her hiding place and *vamosed* with the spoils. On the opposite side, a Flour inspector was emptying samples from a large lot, and as he drew forth his auger full of flour, a little emigrant girl picked up the drippings by handfuls, which she placed in her basket, and when full, she took her tin can, filled it with flour, on which she poured water, and made a dough, which she rolled out and flattened into cakes, and baked them at the Inspector's charcoal furnace, in which he was heating his iron brands, and sold the cakes to the boys two for a penny. Talk of yankee ingenuity and enterprise, where have we anything to rival this mode of raising the wind? We have rag-pickers who move about in all directions—persons who live within the purlieus of the market, and pick up a stray morsel of beef, a sheep's trotters, a marrow bone or two, scrags of mutton, a carrot, cabbage, and onion, and hence they go to make a comfortable pottage at night. We have hand organs, wind instruments, tambourines, and singing girls, *ad libitum*, and are surrounded with novel experiments of "how to get a dinner."—*New York Star.*

Boston in Early Times.

1640.—Edward Palmer was hired to build a pair of stocks, and on being adjudged as asking a great price for them, was sentenced to be put in them for one hour; and Captain Stone was sentenced to pay £100 to Justice Cudlow, for calling him a *just-ass*, and also prohibited from coming into Boston, without the governor's leave, upon pain of death. Josias Plastow, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, was ordered to return eight baskets, to be fined £5, and to be called Josias, and not *Mr. Josias* in future.

1635—Nov. 30. It was agreed that no further grants of allotments of land shall be made to new comers, without they may become members of the church.

March 4, 1634—Newton. It is likewise ordered that musket balls of a full *boar* shall pass currently for four farthings apiece provided that no one shall be compelled to take above 12 pence at a time in them.

4th of 7th month, 1639—Boston. No garment shall be made with short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereof, and such as have garments already made with short sleeves, shall not hereafter wear the same, unless they cover their arms to the wrist with linen or otherwise; and that hereafter no person whatever shall make any garment for woman or any of their sex with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part thereof, and so proportionable for bigger or smaller persons.

Lamb's Love of London.

Lamb was heart and soul a Londoner. Dr. Johnson himself was not more so, Although he passed the greater part of his life as clerk in the India-house, doomed to the desk in murky Leadenhall-street, yet had he no yearnings for the country. He was not the man to sing,

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of sweet Nature's face," &c.

Johnson said, "When you have seen one green field, you have seen all green fields. Sir, I like to look upon mankind: let us walk down fleet street." Lamb said the same. He was, as Talfourd prettily says of him, "formed to nestle rather than to roam."—*British Quarterly.*

Captain Jablonski's Dog.

Captain Leon Jablonski, one of the most gallant among the gallant gentlemen of his country sojourning in England, and who is very favorably known to literature by his English version of the "Conrad Wallenrod" of the highly gifted-patriot Mickiewicz, lately possessed a favorite dog called Oscar. Under whatever degree of hunger Oscar would be laboring he would accept no food, however inviting, that was offered him by the name of a Russian. The dog's eyes would sparkle at the sight of the Barmecidal banquet; but if it were presented to him with the words "Take it from a Russian" Oscar would sigh and turn away. It might be pressed upon him, but the hungry dog would still gravely but pertinaciously refuse, till the words, without any encouraging tone in the change of voice, "Take it from a Pole!" would restore Oscar to good humor, and he would fall to with alacrity at so acceptable a bidding.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

Fontenelle's Gallantry.

At the age of ninety-seven, Fontenelle, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her to his place at table. "See," said Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your gallantries; you pass before me without looking at me."

"Madame," said the old man, "if I had looked at you, I could not have passed."

Love.

There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water: there is a silence in it which suspends the foot; and the folded arms and dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface: the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song.—*W. S. Landor.*

[From the Union Magazine.]

The Dog-Days.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"*Hot—hot—all piping hot.*"—CITY CRIES.

Heaven help us all!—in these terrific days!
The burning sun upon the earth is pelting,
With his directest, fiercest, hottest rays,
And everything is melting!

Fat men, infatuate, fan the stagnant air,
In rash essay to cool their inward glowing,
While with each stroke, in dolorous despair,
They feel the fervor growing!

The lean and lathy find a fate as hard,
For, all a-dry, they burn like any tinder,
Beneath the solar blaze, 'till wither'd, charr'd,
And crisped away to cinder!

The dogs lie lolling in the deepest shade,
The pigs are all a-wallow in the gutters,
And not a household creature—cat or maid—
But querulously mutters!

E'en stoics now are in "the melting mood;"
And vestal cheeks are most unseemly florid,
The very zone that girts the primest prude,
Is now intensely torrid!

"'Tis dreadful, dreadful hot!" exclaims each one
Unto his sweating, sweltering, roasting neighbor,
Then mops his brow, and pants, as he had done
A quite herculean labor!

And friends who pass each other in the street,
Say no "good-morrows," when they come together,
But only mutter, if they chance to meet,
"What horrid, horrid weather!"

While prudent mortals curb with strictest care,
All vagrant curs—it seems the queerest puzzle,
The Dog Star rages, rabid, through the air,
Without the slightest muzzle!

But Jove is wise and equal in his sway,
Howe'er it seems to clash with human reason,
His fiery dogs will soon have had their day,
And men shall have a season!

Duties of Daily Life.

It is a great misfortune that people so commonly amuse themselves with idle and immaginary schemes, how they would behave, and what they would do, were they in such a situation. They would be very good and very exemplary were they very great, very learned, very wealthy, very retired, very old, and the like. But they neglect the gift which is in them, and the work which is appointed for them, while they are thinking of that which is not. Alas! that men's thoughts should be so taken up with dreams and reveries, how they would manage were they in another station, while the chief wisdom of life consists in the assiduous discharge of those duties which belong to their own proper calling.—*Tucker.*

Faith.

Oh! when shall men learn, at last, that if the great religion inculcates so rigidly the necessity of FAITH, it is not alone that faith leads to the world to be; but that without faith there is no excellence in this—faith in something wiser, happier, diviner, than we see on earth! The artist calls it the Ideal, the priest, Faith. The Ideal and Faith are one and the same.—*Bulwer.*

Something in a Name.

A professor of Alma-Mater having purchased a horse for the purpose of taking a long journey into Wales, wishing to give his bucephalus a classical name, applied to a friend for a symbolical appellation. "Call him Graphy," said his friend. "Graphy!" exclaimed the astonished professor, "what the devil do you think I am going to write upon his back?" "Pshaw!" replied the collegian, "the name is quite applicable: you buy the horse, and that's the by-ography; you mount him, and that's the top-ography; you make your journey, and that's geo-graphy."

AGRICULTURAL.

EXPERIMENT IN FARMING.—The value of science to agriculture is well set forth in the following description of the Experimental Farm of Professor Mapes, in this vicinity, which is furnished the National Intelligencer by a New York correspondent.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Science is gradually making its way to the farm-house, and leading its powerful and important aid to agricultural pursuits. As an incentive to others to "go and do likewise," I will state very briefly what a practical chemist is now doing in this vicinity in experimental farming. Professor Mapes, for many years past a resident in this city, and well known as a good chemist and scientific man, concluded last fall to turn his attention to agriculture. For this purpose he purchased a small farm of about forty acres in New Jersey, between two and three miles south-west of Newark. He is now in the midst of his first season, and yesterday I went out to his place in company with some of the members of the American Institute, to see what sort of a start he had made in his new pursuit. The result was highly gratifying, and left the impression that this little experimental farm will help to give a valuable stimulus to the agriculture of the country. The basis of his soil is principally a disintegrated sandstone, with a mixture of clay. The farm had been occupied for some years past by a mechanic, who had paid but little attention to it, and was in a low state of cultivation, thus making it a fair field to test the results of chemical farming.

On our arrival, we were seated awhile in the Professor's snug parlor, where he gave us a general account of the farm, the nature of the soil, the sources and the mode of procuring, preparing, and applying manures, the effects of various chemical action in the composition of manures and their influence upon vegetation. In short, it was an admirable chemical lecture applied to agriculture. He then took us over the farm to see what he had done, and what he was preparing to do. At the barn we found two yokes of the handsomest and most powerful working oxen I have ever seen.

"Where did you find such cattle?"

"I called a man to my aid who was a first rate judge of animals, and told him to go out and look for them, directing him to bring me two pairs of the best oxen he could find between New York and Bangor, regardless of the expense."

The result was that he brought back these cattle at about $200 a yoke, 'and cheap enough at that,' said the Professor. One pair weighed about 3800 pounds. We then went into the field to see them plough, and the ease with which they took the ploughs through the soil seemed more like the work of a powerful steam engine than of animal power. The first yoke cut a furrow sixteen inches in depth. The next followed with the sub-soil plough in the same furrow, cutting and loosening the earth sixteen inches below the first furrow. The Professor says deep ploughing is very important for large crops. Some of the ploughing is thirty-six inches deep. His system of preparing and applying manures is scientific and important, and, judging from present appearances, he will produce remarkable results. The science of a succession of crops in the same season, without impoverishing the soil, is of vast importance.—The Professor says that from a single acre he shall take off, this season, eight hundred bushels of potatoes, three thousand five hundred cabbages, and six hundred bushels of turnips, which must be worth five or six hundred dollars at the lowest market prices. His crop of cabbages this season he calculates at eighty thousand heads. He has a new variety of potato, which he calls the nutmeg potato, of which he expects to raise this season eighteen hundred bushels, which will be disposed of for seed at one dollar a bushel. He calculates that he will have a hundred and twenty thousand nutmeg melons for market this season, which certainly ought to average two cents apiece, and at that price, they would yield twenty-four hundred dollars. There is on the farm a great variety of other vegetables and crops to which I make no reference.

Unlike most farmers, he does not leave a strip of waste along by the side of his fences, but cultivates every inch snug to the fence. Against each post in the fence he sets out a fruit tree, and midway between the posts a grape vine, which, as it runs and spreads, will rest on the fence. In this way he will soon have three miles of grape vines and fruit on ground which ordinary farmers would let run to waste. He uses his farm like a giant machine of wonderful powers, if properly and scientifically handled. He employs upon it about twenty hands, but says in a high state of cultivation it would give employment to eighty.